

Regiment; I have seene it approved, how many times  
I know not, but to make the number more, I have  
Great hope in this. I will betweene the passages of  
This project, come in with my applyance: Let us  
Put it in execution; and hasten the successe, which doubt not  
Will bring forth comfort. *Florisb. Exeunt.*

*Actus Quintus.*

*Scena 1. Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, attendants.*

*Thef.* Now let 'em enter, and before the gods  
Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples  
Burne bright with sacred fires, and the Altars  
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense  
To those above us: Let no due be wanting,

*Florisb of Cornets.*

They have a noble worke in hand, will honour  
The very powers that love 'em.

*Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.*

*Per.* Sir they enter.

*Thef.* You valiant and strong harted Enemies  
You royall German foes, that this day come  
To blow that nearenesse out that flames betweene ye;  
Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like  
Before the holy Altars of your helpers  
(The all feard gods) bow downe your stubborne bodies,  
Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,  
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iustice,  
I le leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye  
I part my wishes.

*Per.* Honour crowne the worthiest.

*Exit Theseus, and his traine.*

*Pal.* The glasse is running now that cannot finish  
Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,  
That were there ought in me which strove to show  
Mine enemy in this businesse, wer't one eye  
Against another: Arme opprest by Arme:

I would destroy th'offender, Coz, I would  
Though parcell of my selfe: Then from this gather  
How I should tender you.

*Arc.* I am in labour

To push your name, your auncient love, our kindred  
Out of my memory; and i'th selfe same place  
To seate something I would confound: So hoyft we  
The sayles, that must these vessells port even where  
The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

*Pal.* You speake well;

Before I turne, Let me embrace thee Cosen

This I shall never doe agen.

*Arc.* One farewell.

*Pal.* Why let it be so: Farewell Coz.

*Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*

*Arc.* Farewell Sir;

Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices  
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you  
Expells the feedes of feare, and th'apprehension  
Which still is farther off it, Goe with me  
Before the god of our profession: There  
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and  
The breath of Tigers, yea the scarcenesse too,  
Yea the speed also, to goe on, I meane:

Else with we to be Snayles; you know my prize  
Must be drag'd out of blood, force and great feate  
Must put my Garland on, where she stickes

The Queene of Flowers: our intercession then  
Must be to him that makes the Campe, a Cestron  
Brynd with the blood of men: give me your aide  
And bend your spirits towards him. *They kneele.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turnd  
Greene Neptune into purple.

Comets prewarne, whose havocke in vaste Feild

Vneathed skulls proclaime, whose breath blowes downe,

The teeming Cares foyzon, w't o dost plucke

With hand armenypotent from forth blew clowdes

The masond Turrets, that both mak' it, and break' it

*The*